

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 52—VOL. XVIII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1808.

NO. 913.

A TALE OF SORROW.

The single wrong step may cost us the repose and happiness of our life.

At the age of sixteen, Eliza Darlington was celebrated for beauty, wit, and accomplishments; every indulgence which fond affection could bestow, was lavished on her; her education was expensive, her dress costly, and her friendlessness; her good understanding was perverted by flattery, and her amiable propensities were destroyed by the wiles which mistaken partiality suffered to grow up with them. Among all her admirers, her heart remained untouched, till Edward Selwyn danced with her at an assembly: his ease, his elegance, and, above all, his unassuming manners, engaged her attention. He did not immediately profess himself her lover, but Vanity whispered to her, that his eyes confessed her power. The character of Selwyn was held in general estimation: his person was calculated to please, and his fortune undeniably attractive. Eliza thought it an important conquest, and left no means untried to rivet his affections; but Selwyn was not of a disposition easily subdued to slavery; with an excellent heart, he possessed sound judgment, and a spirit rather too inflexible; he saw her faults; while he admired her perfections, he dreaded lest they should overpowe him reason. Eliza perceived her advantage; and anxious to succeed, adapted her manners to his taste: by this she confirmed her ascendancy; mutual confidence succeeded mutual affection; till assured certainty of success occasioned carelessness, and Eliza relapsed into her usual habits of dissipations. Alarmed at this instability, and trusting too securely in her affections, Selwyn assumed an air of indifference foreign to his feelings, and equally painful; he first remonstrated; then finding that she triumphed in "subduing his prejudices," as she expressed herself, he affected to become a man of the world—though sensibly hurt by this change in his behavior, while conscious that her own folly had occasioned it. Eliza had too much false pride to yield to his wishes, but trifled with a rival, whose constant assiduities were a grateful tribute to her vanity. Selwyn, trusting to the rectitude of her principles, and convinced that he was the sole object of her regard, felt no real alarm, but, evenly seeking an opportunity, informed her, that the time proposed for the celebration of their nuptials must be postponed, as they were both young, and should not enter hastily into engagements they might have future cause to repent. Irritated by this insult, Eliza complained to her confidential friends, who, too happy in the power of inflicting mortification on an envied object, increased her indignation by raising her jealousy. A very pretty lady, a foreigner, resided in the neighborhood. Selwyn had been frequently seen to go into the house where she lived, and was actually detected holding her hand in his at the window. "I will think no more of him," said Eliza, disdainfully; "He is unworthy." Nevills is sincerely attached to me, yet I slight one who lives but in my smile, for an ingrate! I will think no

more of him." Yet Eliza could think of nothing else; and her anxiety rose to a most distressing height. "I will not be trifled with," said she, catching up a pen, with which she wrote to Selwyn.—

"Sir,

"I once flattered myself that the regard you professed for me was sincere: I am now convinced of my error, and wish to release you from engagements which your attachment to a certain Frenchwoman must render equally irksome to you, as to yourself."

"Humble servant,"

"ELIZA DARLINGTON."

In a few hours Miss Darlington received this answer:

"Eliza,

"In believing my regard sincere, you did me justice; yet I own that since our engagement should end, when you place spurs on my conduct to misinterpret actions. Jealousy, my dear Eliza, is a dreadful weakness, the source of many calamities: were I not convinced of this, I might recriminate as it is, I can only warn you to beware of hasty conclusions; and also be satisfied, that I will be an independent master of my own actions. If you think this harsh, I am grieved that I am compelled to be so plain with you; if you expect unlimited submission to your mandates and opinions, I cannot promise to conform. Seek not to torment yourself with groundless apprehensions, or me with undeserved reproaches; listen but to the admonitions of your own heart in an hour of calm reflection, and I will cheerfully abide by its decision.

"Ever yours,

E. SELWYN."

"So cold, so philosophic!" exclaimed Eliza, tearing the letter; "he will not make the smallest concession: am I then to be tyrannized over? No, never! His letter is not worth an answer."

At that moment Nevills appeared in all the charms of youth, elegance, and fashion: he loved Eliza, but it was not with the steady attachment of Selwyn; he admired her person; and her value was enhanced in his estimation, by the avidity with which she was sought. Nevills perceived her weakness, and availed himself of it to his own advantage. Too impulsive to reflect, Eliza yielded to the impulse of the moment, and admitted the attentions of Nevills as a consolation to her wounded spirit; her encouragement revived his sinking hopes, and Nevills was all submission to her wishes. "I will punish this stubborn Selwyn," cried Eliza, "if I sacrifice myself: he strives to subdue me, but I renounce him for ever; his heart shall ache, as mine now does." Ere the rash phrenacy of resentment had subsided, Eliza gave her hand to Nevills. They were married! Eliza's unhappy victim, thine was a fatal revenge. The company were seated after dinner, amusing themselves with some trifling games; Eliza alone was pensive; her husband leaned over her chair, and gazed with rapture on a countenance lovely in its saddest expression. An unusually loud knock at the door startled the party; and their bustlers

nation was increased by the sudden appearance of Selwyn, who, pale, agitated, and in disordered apparel, rushed into the room: he fixed his eyes wildly on the trembling bride: "Eliza!" said he, regardless of the company, "you have undone yourself. You love me still; your rashness is my death. I am much to be blamed—I might have prevented this. Can you forgive me?"—Eliza was incapable of motion: she strove to extend her hand, but it fell nerveless by her side. Nevills interfered: "What means this, Sir? Why do you come to disturb our—" "Wedding day!" replied Selwyn, with a convulsive laugh. "But I have nothing to do with you, Sir. Eliza! your ring is steeped in blood! Remember! But say that you forgive me; say it: oh, bless me with that one word." The company thought him intoxicated, and strove to divert his attention. He knelt at the feet of Eliza; she trembled with horror; and faintly articulating, "Selwyn, I forgive you," extended her hand to him. It was her left hand. He suddenly dashed it from him; and rising with an air of sudden recollection, said, "Well then, Eliza, you have much to forgive. The Frenchwoman was my unhappy sister: the secrecy in which she lived was occasioned by fear of her vile, unworthy husband. Want of confidence has been our ruin—behold the dreadful expiation!"—The wretched Selwyn drew a pistol from his pocket, and instantaneously terminated his miserable existence. Eliza became frantic; she tore her hair, and clasped the lifeless body in her arms, till forcibly deprived of that melancholy gratification—an alarming illness succeeded, terminated by a complete mental derangement; and Nevills now possesses only the wreck of that beauty he so ardently coveted; while Eliza, the once blooming, idolized object of affection, remains the hapless victim of rashness, vanity, and misguided opinions.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Presence of mind may be defined a readiness to turn to good account the occasions for speaking or acting. It is an advantage that has often been wanting to men of the most accomplished knowledge. Presence of mind requires an easy wit, a proper share of cool reflection, a practice in business, an intuitive view according to different occurrences, memory and sagacity in disputation, security in danger; and, in the world, that liberty of heart which makes us attentive to all that passes, and keeps us in a condition to profit of every thing.

A Gascon officer, in the French army, was speaking privately to his comrades. As he was leaving him, he said to him with an important tone of voice; "I am going to dine with Villars, Marshal Villars, who then happened to be standing behind this officers, said to him mildly: "On account of my rank of General, and not on account of my merits, you should have said, Mr. Villars." The Gascon, who little imagined he was so near the General, re-

piled, without appearing the least astonished !
Welladay, nobody says Mr. Cesar, and I
thought mousy ought to say Mr. Villars.

Presence of mind seems to be particularly necessary to a General of an army, not only for obviating accidents in the midst of an action, but also for effectually putting a stop to the disorders of a frightened army, or when it declines its duty, and is ripe for mutiny against its Chief.

Ancient History mentions, that the army of Cyrus, in presence of that of Xerxes, took for an illomen a loud clap of thunder. This impression did not escape the penetration of Cyrus; his genius immediately suggested to him an interpretation of the presage, which spirited up his soldiery. "Friends," (said he) "the Heavens declare for us: Let us march on the enemy; I hear the cry of Victory : We follow thee, O great Jupiter!"

Lucullus being ready to give battle to Tigranes, it was remonstrated to him, to dissuade him from it, that it was an unlucky day. "So much the better," said he, "we will make it lucky by our victory."

Gonsalvo of Cordova, a General of Ferdinand V. King of Aragon, happened in an action to see blow up at the first discharge of the enemy, the powder magazines of the Spaniards. "My brave boys," (cried he immediately to his soldiers) "the victory is ours; for Heaven tells us, by this grand signal, that we shall have no further occasion for artillery." This confidence of the General passed to the soldiers and made them gain the victory.

The same General commanded in 1802, a Spanish army in the kingdom of Naples. The troops, ill paid and wanting necessities, took up arms for the most part, and presented themselves before Gonsalvo in order of battle to demand their pay. One of the boldest urged the master so far, as to level at him the point of his halberd. The General not in the least dismayed, nor even seeming to be surprised, lays hold of the soldier's arm; and, affecting a gay and smiling air, as if it had been only in play : "Take care, comrade, (says he,) that in fiddling with that weapon you do not wound me." Betwixt the night following when all was quiet, Gonsalvo had this seditious soldier put to death, and had him tied up to a window, where the whole army saw him exposed next day. This example of severity recovered and confirmed the General's authority, which sedition had like to have overthrown.

ANECDOTE.

A stranger leaving a company where Dr. Johnson was, much inquiry was made about him, to no purpose. At length the Dr. observed, that he did not like to speak ill of a stranger, but he believed the man was an attorney.

SCRAP.

A witty writer says, as all mankind live in masquerade, whoever pretences to come among them barefaced, must expect to be abused by the whole assembly.

DESPAIR.

On God! how injuries doth the mind inflame !—
Curs'd be those fiends who gen'rous friendship feign,
Like the dire wizards spell, that wretched name
Lur'd me to ruin, misery, and pain.

All, all is lost !—my views are shadow'd o'er
With deepening gloom which gives my bosom dread;
From Hope's bright sun no rays enliv'ning pour—
Despair's dark regions are with horrors spread.

Creation's charms are drear in sombre hues,
Alike to me the morn, or eve serene,
Forlorn the barren heath I roam, and muse
On those eventful days mine eyes have seen.

Ah ! that scath'd oak which frowns o'er yonder vale,
Appears companion of my deep distress,
How leafless ev'ry branch ! its trunk how pale,
Sad image of despair in mournful dress.

Often when the genius of the tempest raves,
I wind the craggy hill with footsteps slow :—
Loud-raging gales of night, horse-sounding waves,
Sust best the feelings of the man of woe.

While thus I wander oft a whispering voice
Bids me my sorrows end by madly deed :
"There stands the precipice—why a moment pause ?
Plunge in that surge, or by the poniard bleed."

Malign associate of distress away,—
Tho' dark my prospects hopeless every view,
I fear the judgment of the final day
And dare not in my blood my hands embrue.

But oh ! these pangs of direful woe to end,
This wild dismasted state, that wastes my frame,
Come, death, oh ! quickly come, pale penit'ry's friend ;
Me, as thy victim long-devoted, claim.

He hears my voice :—I see his haggard form,
And hark my bosom to his well-arm'd dart ;
It pierces deep, and drinks the current warm,
Profusely flowing from my bleeding heart.

Now ev'ry scene is closing fast around,
Dim are my eyes—my pulse beats faint, and slow,
The pow'r I bleed that gives the deadly wound,
My soul redeeming from life-torturing woe.

L.

THE STORM AND SHIPWRECK.

On the lone cliff, that hides its savage broom
Within the bosom of each threatening cloud,
I listen'd for the ship-hell's sound,
The merry seaman's laugh, the labouring oar ;
I look'd for vales, with blossoming flowers crown'd ;
But all were fled. The wind blew cold and loud ;
No footstep mark'd a wanderer on the shore,
The waves with anger rent the rock below.
Shivering I saw the tumbling bark a wreck,
Sink 'midst the fury of the boiling waves,
Poor hapless sailors cold entombed graves,
Their knell the sea-birds' melancholy shriek.
Perhaps some female at this very hour,
Chill'd by the grasp of fear upbraids the wind,
And racks with buoy thought the brooding mind,
As on the window beats the midnight shower.
But half the world, unknown to thought or care,
Secure in costly domes, lie hid in sleep,
Deaf to the moanings of the troubled air,
Or shrieks of death that issue from the deep.

ON HAPPINESS.

That happiness may be our own,
And that it what we all would find ;
Know this : that it is found alone
Within the region of the mind.

Keep that serene, untroubled, chaste,
Then happy we shall surely live ;
For this effects, is this we taste,
What gold, nor place, nor earth can give.

THE VANITY OF RICHES.

WHEN we seriously consider the short span allotted to man upon earth, how little appears the enjoyments of the rich, and the schemes of the ambitious ! All human pleasures and calamities are buried in the grave ; and unhappy is the state of that man, who sees beyond this life nothing but despair and misery ; whose days are spent in jollity and mirth, and who forgets that he must one day give an account of the employment of his time.

The present state, when compared with the future, is hardly worth caring for ; a few pains are all we can endure, and imperfect happiness all we can enjoy. The lowest situation has its comforts as well as its troubles ; though the latter are, perhaps, in general, preponderant. The rich, however, are not exempt from sorrow ; and a sad heart is often veiled by a smiling countenance, and the eye often belies the feelings of the soul. They are like others, often disappointed ; and though they escape the miseries of poverty, they are exposed to those numerous vexations which attend the higher classes of society. Their amusements are designed rather to drive away reflection, than to afford pleasure. They care only how they may create new wings for the hour which is flying away, and which they hope shall bring them to some new enjoyments. They pursue with eagerness the phantom of pleasure, nor give over the pursuit, till they fall into the grave, and are disappointed.

The rich, however, have it in their power to encourage the industry of the poor, and to become the patrons of the worthy ; to raise merit from obscurity, and to rescue the memory of departed excellence from oblivion. It is to be lamented that the most part are examples of vice and extravagance ; they embolden the face of imprudence, and put modesty to the blush. Their days pass away in idleness, and their nights in rioting and debauchery. They are easily amused with the air of gaiety, and the novelty of fashion, and listen only to the commendations of flattery : they seldom turn their thoughts inward, and seldom contemplate their last hour. But let them remember, that the time is hastening when gaiety shall vanish, and fashion no longer delight ; when they will be deaf to the music of flattery, and attend only to the summons of death. The rich and the poor fight the last battle on the same ground, and though they both struggle, they both fall in the conflict. In the grave there is little distinction : though some are honored with monuments, time will soon change the marble into dust ; and though the rich perish after the beggar, they crumble into the same powder, and are scattered by the same wind.

ANECDOTES.

PADDY, who was arraigned before a court for horse stealing, after having pleaded not guilty, the judges asked by whom he would be tried ? "By the twelve apostles," answered the prisoner. The judge informed him that would not do, for if he was tried by them, he could not have his trial until the day of judgment. "Faith (says Paddy) and I have no objection to that neither, for I am in no hurry about it at all, at all."

A farmer observing his servant a great while at breakfast, said, "John, you make a long meal !—Master," said he, "a cheese of this size is not so soon eat as you think of."

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

SMALL Man of fruit fruition boast ?
Small life be counted dear,
Or but a moment, and at most
A momentary turn ?

There was a time,—that time is past,
When, Youth ! I blomid like thee ;
A time will come,—vis coming fast,
When thou shalt fade like me !

Like me th're varying seasons range,
And past enjoyments mourn.
For ah ! the sweetest Spring shall change
To Winter in its turn.

In Infancy, my vernal prime,
When life itself was new,
Amusement plucked the wings of Time,
Yet swift still he flew.

Summer, my youth, succeeded soon,
My sun ascended high,
And Pleasure held the reign till noon,
—But Grief drove down the sky.

Like Autumn, rich in ripening corn,
Came Manhood's sober reign ;
My harvest-moon scarce fill'd her horn,
When she began to wane.

Then follow'd Age, inform Old Age,
The winter of my year :
When shall I before his rage,
To rise beyond the sphere ?

I long to cast the chains away,
That bind me down to earth :
To burst these dungeon-walls of clay,
And start to second birth.

Life lies in embryo,—never free
Till Nature yields her breath,
Till time becomes Eternity,
And Man is born in death !

INOCULATION.

A countryman marked with the small-pox, once applied to a justice, and said one of his neighbors had ill-treated him; but not explaining the business so clearly as his worship expected, " Fellow, (said he in a rage) I don't know whether you were inoculated for the small-pox or not, but I am sure you have been inoculated for stupidity!"—Why may please you, (replied the man) perhaps, as you say, I might be inoculated for stupidity; but there was no occasion to perform that operation upon your worship, for you seem to have had it in the natural way."

The Weekly Muscian.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER 20, 1806.

Deaths in this city during the last week—apoplexy 2; consumption 7; chol. diatoma 3; debility 4; decay 3; dropsy 3; drowned 2; dysentery 2; typhus fever 6; flux infantic 10; small pox 5; whooping cough 5; cancer, colera morbus, cold, remitting fever, bilious fever, tertious fever, inflammation of the lungs, old age, pleurisy, teething, of each 1; men 19; women 13; boys 11; girls 15—total 60.

Young Swain (by whose means it was supposed the venerable Judge Wythe was deprived of existence,) had his trial before the District Court last Wednesday, on an indictment for murder, and was acquitted. On Thursday he was tried upon an indictment for forgery, and found guilty.

Pittsburgh Sept. 6.

CHARLESTON Sept. 6.

Last evening came up to town, in a pilot-boat, Capt. G. Geare, of the schr. Little Patty, which was wrecked in the gale on the 22d August, and

Mr. John Curtis, a passenger; who with 15 others, after drifting in an open boat, destitute of food, salt, oats, and every other necessary article, for eleven days and nights, were fortunately picked up on the 2d of Sept. by Capt. Hubble, of the brig Polly, from Campeachy bound to this port.

The schooner sunk suddenly. In getting on board the boat, an amiable young lady, Miss Maria Osborne, was unfortunately drowned. The mate Mr. J. Clark, of Conn. and a little negro girl, perished in the boat. Since they were taken up, aaged lady, Mrs. Paxton, and a seaman, Hance Patterson, have also died. The remainder of the crew are likely to recover, though very much debilitated, and were left on board the Polly off the Bar last evening.

THE GOLDEN NAIL.

THURNISSEUS, a man of infinite whim and madness, was the author of some works which sufficiently prove that his natural temper was not much to be relied on. The story of his golden nail is curious. Having worked away his fortune in alchymy, and finding his schemes vain, he had a mind at once to get into the service of a certain prince, and to establish a character of himself to all the world, as if possessed of the grand alchymical secret. To this purpose he declared, that he had found out a liquor which would immediately convert all metals plunged into it into gold. The prince, the nobility of the place, and all the literati, were invited to see the experiment; and the chemist having prepared a large nail, the half of which was iron, and the other half gold, well joined together, coated over the gold part with a thin crust of iron, which he joined so nicely to the rest of the iron, that no eye could discover the fallacy. Having this ready, he placed his vessel of liquor on the table, which was no other than common aqua fortis. Then sending a servant to a shop to some nails of the same kind, he, by an easy piece of legerdemain, when he had desired the company to examine them, and see that they were real nails, took out his own, and after turning it about before the company, plunged it half way into the liquor: a hissing and bubbling noise arose, and the aqua fortis immediately dissolved, and washed off the iron coat, and the gold appeared. The nail was handed round to the company, and finally delivered to the prince, in whose cabinet it now remains. The gold-maker was desired to dip more nails, and other things, but he immediately threw away the liquor, telling them they had seen enough. He was made happy for the rest of his life; but all the intrateats in the world could never get him to make any more gold.

LIKENESS
TAKEN BY THE REFLECTING MIRROR,
AND PAINTED FINELY IN MINIATURE.

Mrs. PARISH, respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen that he has returned to this city, and resides at No. 58, Chatham-Street, where he will continue for some time to take Likeness by the Reflecting Mirror, lately received from London, which only requires a few minutes sitting to take the most correct Likeness in any position, and reduced to any size in Miniature. Price of each picture, which depends on the size, and finely painted, is from 5 to 20 dollars each—the Likeness is warranted to please.

Likewise, historical and fancy pieces painted on silk for Ladies needle-work, and all kinds of hair devices neatly executed.

N. B. A few Ladies and Gentlemen may be instructed in the art of drawing and painting in water colours, on moderate terms.

Sept. 6. 916—tf.

COURT OF HYMEN.

MARRIED.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Wm. O'Brien, Mr. Ebenezer Beatty, to Miss Sarah McMenomy, both of this city.

On Sunday evening 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Town-ley, Mr. Isaac Richmond, to Miss Mary Ann Simpson.

On Thursday 11th inst. by the Rev. Dr. McKnight, Mr. Charles Swift, of Chatham, to Miss Elizabeth Adriance, of this city.

On Wednesday evening the 17th September inst. by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. Richard Arden, Esq. to Miss Jane De Povster, youngest daughter of Nicholas De Povster, Esq.

On Wednesday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Hubbard, Mr. Stephen Price, Esq. to Miss Jane Barnwell, daughter of George Barnwell, Esq.

At Rockaway L. I. on Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Hart, Mr. George Hewlett to Miss Elizabeth Hewlett, eldest daughter of Mr. Oliver Healett, all of that place.

On Thursday last, Mr. John Titus, to Miss Mary Honer, both of Brooklyn.

On Thursday last, at Beverley, in the county of Dutchess, W. A. Duer, Esq. to Miss Denning, youngest daughter of the Hon. W. Denning.

At Elizabeth-town, on Sunday evening last, Mr. Abraham Parrot, late of New-Jersey, to Miss Mary Frazer, of New-York.

At Philadelphia, Mr. John Poulson, to Miss Mary Whitesides.

Same place, Mr. B. Tanner, to Miss Mary Bioren.

Same place, Mr. Samuel Toren, to Miss Mary Hubbard.

Same place, Mr. H. Burk, to Miss Jane Chapman.

Same place, Mr. Charles Klarney, to Miss Elizabeth Cowan.

In Maryland, Mr. James R. Mitchell, to Miss Jane A. Wheeland.

At Lancaster, Penn. Mr. John Huffnagle, to Miss Sarah E. Franks.

DIED.

On Monday evening, aged 45 years, Mrs. Hope Seymour, widow of the late Major Horace Seymour. She was an amiable and accomplished lady, and her loss will be regretted by a numerous and respectable acquaintance.

On Thursday, suddenly, Mrs. Margaret Smith, wife of William H. Smith

Thursday afternoon, after a lingering illness, Mr. Thomas Whitlaw.

On the 11th inst. in Albany, the Rev. John H. Meir, Minister of the Reformed Dutch Church in the city of Schenectady, aged 31 years and 11 months.

On Tuesday evening, at the house of Mr. Jacob Hanson in Bloomingdale, Mr. David Opkley.

At Albany, on the 9th inst. William Patterson, Esq. one of the Judges of the Circuit Court of the United States.

At Philadelphia, James Farmer, aged 68.

At Philadelphia, Miss Edmund Nugent.

At Charleston, Miss Hannah Heyward Shubrick.

Same place, Aaron Oakford, of Pennsylvania.

Same place, Christopher Jacobson.

At Savannah, Mrs. Mary Smith.

At Ainswell, Moses Rittenhouse; and in Sussex county, John Geddes.

At East Hartford (Conn.) on the 9th instant, captain Aaron Olmsted.

At Gettysburg, Penn. Doctor Wm. Patterson, aged 59.

At Alexandria, John Foster, aged 40.

In S. Carolina, Christian Seuf, chief engineer of that state, aged 53.

Report of deaths in Philadelphia, last week, 29 adults, and 23 children—total 52.

39,000, 20,000, & 10,000 DOLLARS.

For sale at this office, Tickets in L. tieray No. V. for the Encouragement of Literature.

COAL.

Virginia Coal of a superior quality, suitable for the grate, for sale at the yards No. 26 Roosevelt-street, or corner of Roosevelt and Barker-streets.

Also, Liverpool and Scotch Coal, may be had by applying as above.

S. FREEMAN,
917—1st.

Sept. 18.

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE DISCOVERY.

"Tis said the witching power of Love
Can give deformity a grace,
Shed lustre over the dullest face,
And hide the vixen in the Dove.

While o'er the soul the Tyrant sways,
The beauteous object we select
Has elegance and intellect,
And eyes that dart celestial rays.

On the poor Lover's dazzled sight,
Aldio! those eyes no language speak,
Nor rose, nor dimple bless the cheek,
Nor common sense one phrase indite.

But when the magic medium fades,
Thro' which the form so brightly shone,
And made each excellence its own,
O! what a change in Men and Maids!

This Edward to Maria prov'd—
Full of the little God he said,
And many a foreign port he hail'd,
Far from the angel girl he lov'd.

At length he sought his native shore :
Six tedious years had seen him roam,
The events brought the Wanderer home
To find, expecting Mary's door.

But Absence, love's inveterate foe,
Had wasted Edward's ardent flame
To almost nothing but a name,
Tame'd it to Friendship's sober glow.

The spell that bound him was no more !
He now with different optics saw,
And in her beauty found a flaw.
He never had perceived before.

How changed, he cry'd, in form and face !
" Ye Gods ! is this Maria ? Why
" Maria ! you have lost an eye !
" When did this accident take place ?"

The poor girl heaving piteous sighs,
Replied in accents of despair,
" Edward, I never had two eyes ;
But you, alas ! have found a pair !"

TO FRANCES.

Torment'd with thy woes, beloved Friend !
Fondly to thee this heart advances ;
At least on our fond heart depend—
It cannot love thee less, sweet Frances !

Admired while graced with health and bloom,
Thy grief, to me, thy worth enhances :
Short be thy date, or sad thy doom,
How can I ever forget thee, Frances !

THE LOYAL PAIR.

"Tell list for a soldier," says Robin to Sue,
To avoid your eternal disputes :
Ay, ay, cries the termpatist, do, Robin, do,
Tell cause, the meanwhile, fresh recruits !

Ax! can judge of a man's dress—a few of his understandings ; and many who discern a person to be a fool, are unwilling to believe he can be wise.

There is nothing more universally commended than a fine coat. The reason is, people can commend it with old envy.

STÖLLENWERCK & BROTHERS, WHOLESALE & RETAIL JEWELLERS & WATCH MAKERS, NO. 137, WILLIAM STREET.

Impressed with a due sense of the many favors conferred on them, and to return their sincere thanks to a generous public, and to inform them they have opened a Store No. 441, Pearl-Street, where they intend keeping a general assortment of the most fashionable articles in their line. In addition to their former Stock, they have just received an elegant assortment of Ladies' ornamental dress Combs of the latest Parisian fashions, (they invite the ladies to be early in their applications) as also a fresh supply of the highly approved Venus Tooth-Powder, which is now selling with such rapidity by them, the sole vendors in New-York. They have on hand a large assortment of fashionable gold and silver Watches, which they are determined to dispose of, wholesale or retail on very liberal terms.

N. B. Spanish Segars of the very best quality in boxes, from 25d to 1000.

(U.) Orders from the country punctually attended to.
A few proof impressions of John Sullivan's map of the U. States, including Louisiana, five feet square, taken from actual survey, and superior in point of correctness to any now in use.

Sept. 6. 916—ff.

DURABLE INK,

FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,
Which nothing will Discharge without destroying the Linen.

The Utility of this Preparation, whenever such an Article is wanting, need not be pointed out—Initials, Names, Cyphers, Crests, &c. may be formed with the utmost expedition, and without the inconvenience or expense of any Implements ; and will be found to stand every Test of Washings, Bucklings, Acids, Alkalies, &c. which only and other Compositions will not. I wrote on Linen as it comes from the loom, it firmly stands the Bleaching. It is also a much better, as well as indelible Criterion of a Person's Property, than Initials made with Thread, Silk, or Instruments, frequently used for this purpose.

A fresh supply of the above, just received by Robert Bath, & Co. Druggists, No. 128 Pearl-Street, for sale, wholesale and retail ; where also may be had, Drugs and Medicines, Patent Medicines, Perfumery of the best kinds, Tooth Brushes, Reeves' drawing colours, &c. &c.

July 19. 920—ff.

MARTIN RABESON,

At his wholesale UMBRELLA MANUFACTORY, No. 34, Maiden-Lane, corner of Nassau-Street, begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he carries on the above manufacture extensively, and sells Umbrellas and Parasols, in the greatest variety, wholesale and retail. Ladies wishing to purchase handsome Parasols, may always have the choice out of one hundred dozen.

N. B. A number of Girls wanted to sew umbrellas, or to nett fringes.

June 14. 904—ff.

RICHARD MULHERAN,

Has for sale at his store, No. 12 Peck-Slip, a new assortment of dry goods, consisting of superfine Cloths second ditto pattern and common Cassimere, Pattern Cord, Flannel, Dimity, Linens, Brown Holland, Nankeen, Bandfan Handkerchiefs, Mamodine, Mow Cloth, Gauze, white and black thread Laces, Galli, eves, checkered Leno, Leno Veils, white and coloured Cambic Muslins, India Muham Muslins, Silk Shawls, and a variety of other goods, which he will sell on reasonable terms for Cash.

May 3. 898—ff.

MRS. TODD'S,

TRA-STORE—No. 68, JOHN-STREET,
Where may be had a general assortment of the best
Teas, Sugar, Coffee, Spices, &c. &c.

Sept. 6. 916—ff.

FASHIONABLE COMBS.

An elegant assortment of Tortoise and mock Tortoise Combs for sale at John Barnham's Hardware-store, No. 103, Maiden-lane.

Sept. 6. 916—ff.

TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS.

FOR SALE BY
N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER
FROM LONDON,
NO. 114, BROADWAY.

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE.

His purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume. 4s & 8s. each.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, clears and prevents the skin from chapping, 4s per pot.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the skinning apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odeurs de Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s per square.

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses is well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburn, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with pointed directions, 3s. 4s. 8s & 12s. bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey, 4s and 8s. per pot.

Smith's tooth Paste warranted.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per bulb.

Violet, double scented Rose, 2s. ed.

Smith's Savoyette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, 4s. & 8s. per pot, per paste.

Smith's Chymical Dentifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums ; warranted—2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences.

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes is 1s. Almond Powder for the skin, 2s. per lb.

Smith's Circassia or Antiques Oil, for curling, plaiting and thickening the Hair, and preventing it from turning gray, 4s. per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Paraffin, 1s. per pot or roll. Dipped oil, 2s.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, 2s. and 4s. per box. Smith's Lotion for the Teeth, warranted.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving, 3s. per box.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3s. per box.

Ladies silk Braces, do. Elastic worsted and cotton Garters.

Suit of Lemons, for taking out Iron mold.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.

* The best warranted Convex Razors, Electric Razors, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs. Superior white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with Imported Perfumery.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.

January 5, 1806. 853—ff.

SAUNDERS & LEONARD,

No. 104 Maiden-Lane,

Have on hand a constant supply of

Leghorn Hats & Bonnets,
Soft straw do. do.
Paper do. do.
Wire assorted sizes,

Artificial and straw Flowers,
do. do. Wreaths,
Leghorn flats by the box dozen,
Paste boards,

Black, blue, and cloth sewing Silks,
Satinets, white and pink,
Open work, straw trimming & Tassels.

With every article in the Millinery line by Wholesale only.

August 30. 915—ff.

PUBLISHED BY MARGT. HARRISON,

No. 3 PECK-SLIP.